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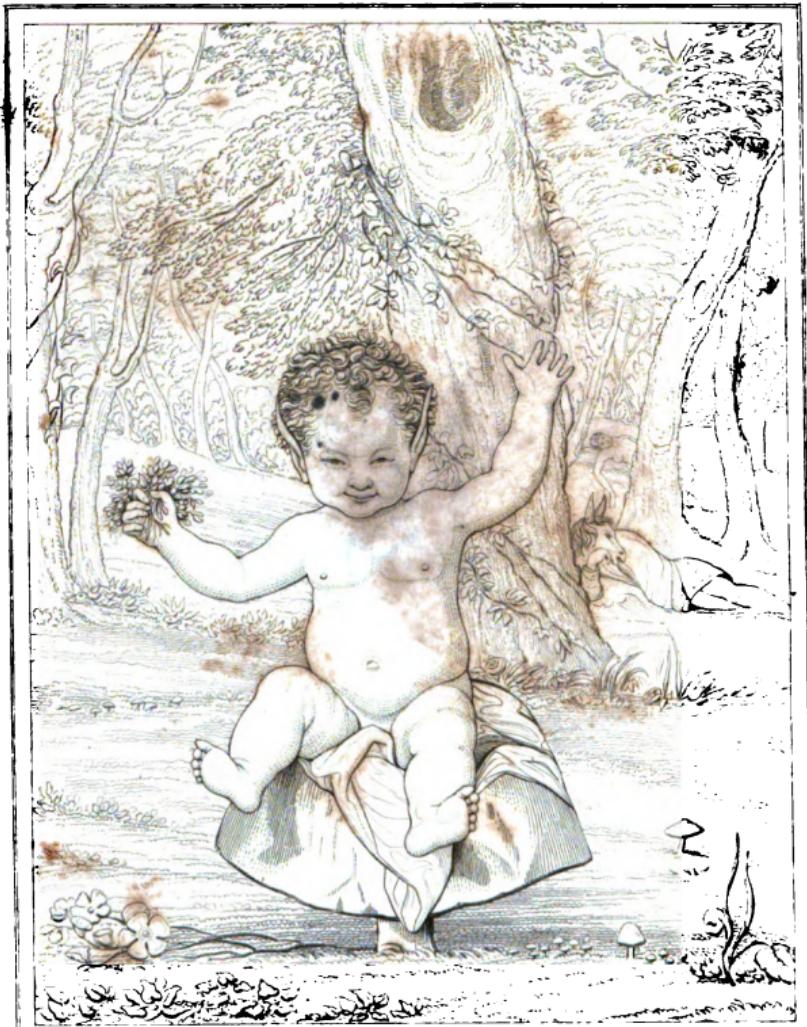
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Charles Ellis,
Maidstone.

M. add. 51 f. 13





Reynolds del

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Ruben Goodfellow

Act II Scene II

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEARE,

ACCORDING TO THE

IMPROVED TEXT OF EDMUND MALONE,

INCLUDING THE LATEST REVISIONS,

WITH

A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES, AN INDEX,

AND

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

FROM DESIGNS BY ENGLISH ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

A. J. VALPY, A.M.

FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

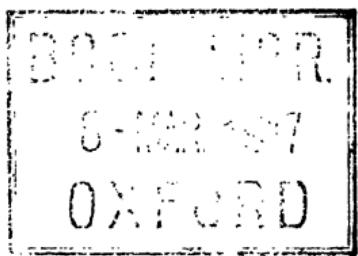
IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1842.



For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?

THOMSON.

Shakspeare was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there.

DRYDEN.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKS.

III.

A

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It is generally believed that Shakspeare was indebted to several sources for the materials of this admirable play. The story of the bond is taken from a tale in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni, a Florentine novelist, who wrote in 1378, three years after the death of Boccace. This book was probably known to our author through the medium of some translation no longer extant. The coincidences between these productions are too striking to be overlooked. Thus, the scene being laid at Venice; the residence of the lady at Belmont; the introduction of a person bound for the principal; the taking more or less than a pound of flesh, and the shedding of blood; together with the incident of the ring, are common to the novel and the play.

The choice of the caskets, in this comedy, is borrowed from chapter 49 of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, where three vessels are placed before the daughter of the king of Apulia for her choice, to prove whether she is worthy to receive the hand of the son of Anselmus, emperor of Rome. The princess, after praying to God for assistance, rejects the gold and silver caskets, and chooses the leaden, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor informs

her that she has chosen as he wished, and immediately invites her to his son.

The love and elopement of Jessica and Lorenzo have been noticed by Mr. Dunlop as bearing a similitude to the fourteenth tale of Massuccio di Salerno, who flourished about 1470. In that tale we meet with an avaricious father, a daughter carefully shut up, her elopement with her lover by the intervention of a servant, her robbing her father of his money, together with his grief on the discovery;—a grief, divided equally between the loss of his daughter and the loss of his ducats.

Of this play Dr. Johnson remarks, that ‘the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of the Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.’

A R G U M E N T.

A rich and beautiful heiress residing at Belmont, named Portia, is compelled by the will of her deceased father to subject every suitor to the choice of a golden, silver, or leaden casket: in the latter is enclosed a portrait of the lady, who is to become the wife of its fortunate possessor. Bassanio, a young Venetian gentleman, at length obtains the prize, and is scarcely united to his bride, when he receives intelligence from Venice that his dear friend Antonio from whose liberality he has procured the means of prosecuting his suit, is completely ruined; and that a bond, which he has executed with a Jew for the payment of a sum of money within a certain period, on forfeiture of a pound of flesh nearest his heart, is now demanded by his inexorable creditor. After receiving a ring from his bride with professions of constancy, Bassanio flies to the relief of his patron: the lady, in the mean time, procures letters of recommendation from an eminent civilian, and, in the disguise of a doctor of laws, is introduced to the Duke, as a person well qualified to decide the cause pending between the merchant and the Jew; and at length, by her ingenuity, the unfortunate debtor is delivered from his savage persecutor. The disguised lawyer persists in refusing all pecuniary recompense, and entreats from Bassanio the ring which she had presented to him at his departure, which he reluctantly yields: the same expedient is successfully tried by the waiting-maid, disguised as a lawyer's clerk. The lady and her attendant now hasten home; and, on the arrival of their husbands, amuse themselves with witnessing their confusion at the loss of their love tokens, till the stratagem is at length fully explained. The remainder of this play is occupied with the elopement of Jessica, the daughter of the Jew, with a young man, named Lorenzo, who procures from his father-in-law the reversion of his whole property.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } suitors to Portia.

ANTONIO, the merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend.

SALANIO,
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO,

LORENZO, in love with Jessica

SHYLOCK, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, } servants to Portia.
STEPHANO,

PORIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the court of justice, Jailer.
Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat
 of Portia, on the continent.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Venice. A street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your argosies¹ with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

¹ Ships of large burden.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads :
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing¹ her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ;
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad ?
But, tell not me ; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,

¹ Lowering.

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you
are sad,

Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you
merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good Morrow, my good lords.

Bas. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?
Say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so ?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [Exeunt *Salarino and Salanio*.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found An-
tonio,

We two will leave you ; but, at dinner-time
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bas. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio :
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come :
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ; and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks.—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;

And do a wilful stillness¹ entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears.
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men.
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only com-
mendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

¹ Obstinate silence.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bas. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bas. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured.
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

¹ Can any meaning be affixed to what he has said?

Bas. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well ; and herein spend but time.

To wind about my love with circumstance :
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowlege may by me be done,
And I am prest¹ unto it : therefore speak.

Bas. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues : sometimes² from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued

¹ Ready ; from the French word *prêt*.

² Formerly.

To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea ;

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good

fortunes are : and, yet, for aught I see. they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean : superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree ; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word choose ! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations : therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in

your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them: and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt,¹ indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county² palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'An if you will not have me, choose.' He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle³ sing, he falls straight a capering;

¹ A witless, gay youngster.

² Count.

³ Thrush.

he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him ; for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court, and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; but, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor ?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast : an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket ; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords : they have acquainted me with their determinations ; which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them, but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat ?

Por. Yes, yes ; it was Bassanio : as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam : he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now ! what news ?

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition¹ of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats;—well.

Bas. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months;—well.

Bas. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound;—well.

Bas. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

¹ Temper, qualities.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bas. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bas. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats! —I think I may take his bond.

Bas. Be assured, you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bas. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bas. This is signior Antonio.

Sky. [aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him for he is a Christian ;
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,¹
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him !

Bas. Shylock, do you hear ?

Sky. I am debating of my present store ;
 And, by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
 Will furnish me. But soft ; how many months
 Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior ;

[to Antonio.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
 By taking nor by giving of excess,

¹ In allusion to the practice of wrestlers.

Yet, to supply the ripe wants¹ of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd,²
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see;—But
hear you;

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's
sheep;

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

¹ Wants which admit no farther delay.

² Informed.

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-color'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd :
This thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served
for :

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats !—'tis a good round
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to
you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.¹
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug.

¹ Usury.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,¹
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help.
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have monies.' You say so:
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this;—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.'

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed² for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face

¹ Coarse frock, or outward garment.

² Interest money bred from the principal.

Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love ;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with ;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you 'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.—
Go with me to a notary ; seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith : I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bas. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, (that 's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians
are ;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
 To buy his favor, I extend this friendship.
 If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu :
 And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
 Give him direction for this merry bond ;
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
 See to my house, left in the fearful¹ guard
 Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
 I will be with you.

[Exit.]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew :
 This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bas. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay :
 My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exit.]

A C T I I.

SCENE I.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Florish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO,
 and his train ; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her
 Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,

¹ Not to be trusted.

The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbor, and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.¹
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd² the valiant: by my love, I swear,
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime
 Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
 But, if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,
 For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
 That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
 That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
 I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,

¹ 'It is customary in the East for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses.'—Harris.

² Terrified.

Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady : but, alas the while !
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance :
And either not attempt to choose at all ;
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage : therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not : come, bring me unto my
chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then ! [cornets.
To make me bless'd, or cursed'st among men.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Venice. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to
run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine
elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, ‘Gobbo,

Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says,—' No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or,' as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'via!' says the fiend: 'away!' says the fiend, 'for the heavens: 'rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—' My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste:—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend; 'budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well; ' 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well. To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself.' Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you ; which is the way to master Jew's ?

Laun. [aside.] O heavens ! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not. I will try conclusions¹ with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonthies,² 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no ?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot ?—Mark me now ; [aside.] now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young master Launcelot ?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son : his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you. Talk you of young master Launcelot ?

¹ Experiments.

² 'Sanctities or holiness.'—Ritson.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your master-
ship.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot: talk not of
master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman
(according to fates and destinies, and such odd say-
ings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning)
is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain
terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! The boy was the very
staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post; a
staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young
gentleman! but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy
(God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you
not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you
might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father
that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will
tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing:
truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid
long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth
will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are
not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about
it, but give me your blessing. I am Launcelot,
your boy that was, your son that is, your child that
shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that ;
but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man ; and, I am
sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be
sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own
flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be !
what a beard hast thou got ! Thou hast got more
hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse¹ has
on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail
grows backward ; I am sure, he had more hair on
his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw
him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost
thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a
present. How 'gree you now ?

Laun. Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as
I have set up my rest² to run away, so I will not rest
till I have run some ground. My master's a very
Jew. Give him a present ! give him a halter : I am
famished in his service ; you may tell every finger I
have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are
come ; give me your present to one master Bassanio,
who, indeed, gives rare new liveries : if I serve not
him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O
rare fortune ! here comes the man :—to him, father ;
for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

¹ For thill-horse, i. e. shaft-horse. ² Am firmly resolved.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other followers.

Bas. You may do so ;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship !

Bas. Gramercy !¹ Wouldst thou aught with me ?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man ; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.²

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to

¹ Contraction for ' grant me mercy ! '

² A corruption of *quatre cousins*, distant relatives.

myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bas. One speak for both.—What would you ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bas. I know thee well ; thou hast obtain'd thy suit :

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir ; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bas. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son :—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery

[*to his followers.*

More guarded¹ than his fellows' : see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no ;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well ; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table,² which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune. Go to ; here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives ! Alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is

¹ Ornamented.

² Table is the palm of the hand extended.

a simple coming-in for one man : and then, to 'scape drowning thrice ; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;—here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come ; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Lancelot and old Gobbo.*]

Bas. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance : hie thee ; go.

Leo. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master ?

Leo. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit Leonardo.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bas. Gratiano !

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bas. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me ; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bas. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Grati-
ano :

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults :
But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal.¹ Pray thee, take pain
 To allay with some cold drops of modesty
 Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild beha-
 vior,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
 And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
 If I do not put on a sober habit,
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then ;
 Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;
 Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen ;
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent² ;
 To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.³

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night : you shall not gage
 me

By what we do to-night.

Bas. No, that were pity :
 I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment. But fare you well ;
 I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest ;
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exit.]

¹ Licentious.

² I)epartment.

³ Grave appearance.

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so :
Our house is hell ; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,
And so farewell : I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful pagan !—most sweet Jew ! If a Christian
do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much
deceived. But, adieu ! these foolish drops do some-
what drown my manly spirit : adieu ! [Exit.]

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two
hours
'To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it
shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand.
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew
to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,

I will not fail her ;—speak it privately ; go.—

Gentlemen,

[*Exit Lass.*]

Will you prepare you for this mask to-night ?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath di-
rected,

How I shall take her from her father's house ;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest :

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see ; thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me.—What, Jessica!—
And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out.—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Lau. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Lau. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could
do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

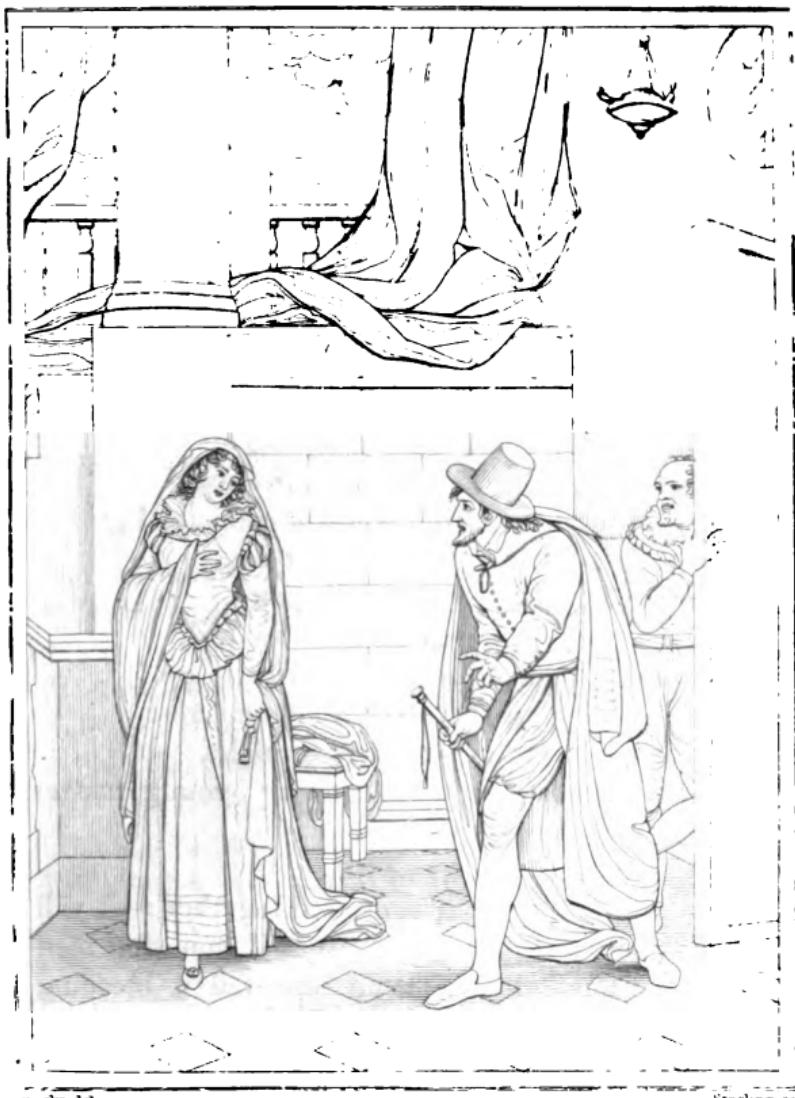
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me.
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loath to go.
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Lau. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Lau. And they have conspired together:—I will
not say, you shall see a mask; but if you do, then
it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding
on Black Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning,
falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four
year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masks? Hear you me,
Jessica:



Starling sc.

Starling sc.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Shylock, Jessica & Launcelot.

Act II. Scene V.



Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ;
Let not the sound of shallow poppy enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night.
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this :

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit *Laun.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,
ha ?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress ; nothing
else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough ; but a huge
feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat : drones hive not with
me ;

Therefore I part with him ; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;
Perhaps, I will return immediately.

Do as I bid you ;
Shut doors after you. Fast bind, fast find ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.]

Jes. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter lost. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark¹ puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return ;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

¹ The vessel decorated with flags.

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo :—more of this here-after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;

Not I, but my affairs have made you wait.

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho ! who 's within .

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;
For who love I so much ? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange :
But Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love ;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA below.

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen ; away !
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jes. and Salar.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Antonio ?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?
'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—
No mask to-night ; the wind is come about.
Bassanio presently will go aboard :

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Florish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE
OF MOROCCO, and both their trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
bears ;—

‘Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men
desire.’

The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—

‘Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he de-
serves.’

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ;—

‘Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he
hath.’

How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince ;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see ;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket ?

‘Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he
hath.’

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
‘Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he de-
serves.’

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand;
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:—
‘Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men
desire.’

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as throughfares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is 't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross
 To rib ¹ her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver she 's immured,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold ; but that 's insculp'd ² upon :
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince ; and if my form lie
 there,

Then I am yours. [he unlocks the golden casket.

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll : I 'll read the writing :—

' All that glisters is not gold ;
 Often have you heard that told,
 Many a man his life hath sold,
 But my outside to behold :
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,

¹ Enclose.

² Engravea.

Your answer had not been inscroll'd :
 Fare you well ; your suit is cold.'
 Cold, indeed, and labor lost :
 Then, farewell, heat ; and welcome, frost.—
 Portia, adieu ! I have too grieved a heart
 To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.
Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains ;
 go :—
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Venice. A street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :
 With him is Gratiano gone along ;
 And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outrries raised the
 duke,
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late ; the ship was under sail :
 But there the duke was given to understand,
 That in a gondola were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :
 Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :—
 'My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !

Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
 Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
 And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious
 stones,

Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
 Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
 Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
 I reason'd¹ with a Frenchman yesterday;
 Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
 I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
 And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you
 hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return: he answer'd—‘Do not so;
 Slubber² not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time;

¹ Conversed.

² To slubber is to do any thing carelessly

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love :
 Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents¹ of love
 As shall conveniently become you there.'
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
 I pray thee, let us go, and find him out ;
 And quicken his embraced heaviness²
 With some delight or other.

Salar.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee ; draw the curtain
 straight ;
 The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

*Florish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,
 PORTIA, and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :

¹ Shows, tokens.

² The heaviness which indulges.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnised ;
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly,
 If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd ¹ me. Fortune now
 To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead.
 ' Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he
 hath.'

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :—

' Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men
 desire.'

What many men desire.—That many may be meant
 By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
 Not learning more than the fond ² eye doth teach ;
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Even in the force ³ and road of casualty.
 I will not choose what many men desire,

¹ Prepared.

² Foolish.

³ Power.

Because I will not jump¹ with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :—
‘ Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he de-
serves.’

And well said too ; for who shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover, that stand bare !
How many be commanded, that command !
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor ; and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd ! Well, but to my choice :—
‘ Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he de-
serves.’

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find
there !

Ar. What's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia !

¹ Agree.

How much unlike my hopes and my deserving !
 'Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.'

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?

Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here ?

'The fire seven times tried this :
 Seven times tried that judgment is,
 That did never choose amiss.
 Some there be, that shadows kiss ;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss :
 There be fools alive, I wis,¹
 Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head :
 So begone, sir ; you are sped.'

Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here :
 With one fool's head I came to woo.
 But I go away with two.—
 Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroath ?²

[*Exeunt Arr. and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
 O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

¹ I know.

² Misfortune.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy ;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here : what would my lord ?

Ser. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets ;¹
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee : I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be !

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Salutations.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Venice. A street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped¹ ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

¹ To knap is to break short.

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug¹

¹ Spruce.

upon the mart ;—let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; —let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?

Shy. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge : if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? why, revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe : a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa ? hast thou found my daughter ?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now :—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ?—Why, so :—and I know not what 's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge ; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs, but o' my breathing ; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too : Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God.—Is it true ? is it true ?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news : ha ! ha !—Where ? in Genoa ?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me ;——I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it : I 'll plague him ; I 'll torture him : I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her ! Thou tortur'est me, Tubal : it was my turquoise :¹ I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ A precious stone.

SCENE II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let Fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize¹ the time;

¹ Delay.

To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bas. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bas. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bas. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bas. Confess, and love.
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the florish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence,¹ but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice,
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !
 Live thou, I live.—With much, much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. Tell me, where is fancy² bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourished ?
 Reply, reply !
2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bas. So may the outward shows be least themselves.

The world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious³ voice,

¹ Dignity of mien.

² Love.

³ Pleasing.

Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars ;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk !
And these assume but valor's excrement,¹
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped ² snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ³ shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,

¹ Beard.² Curled.³ Treacherous

Which rather threatenest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I : joy be the consequence !

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy !
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;
 I feel too much thy blessing : make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.

Bas. What find I here ?

[opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit?¹ What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath : so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her
 hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,—
 How could he see to do them ? Having made one,
 Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Deth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,

¹ Likeness, resemblance.





Westall del

Starling sc

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Bassanio, Portia, & Antonio

Act II. Scene II

'The continent and summary of my fortune :—

' You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and choose as true !
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content, and seek no new.
 If you be well pleased with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss.'

A gentle scroll !—Fair lady, by your leave,

[kissing her]

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause, and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
 So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand.
 Such as I am : though, for myself alone,
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,
 I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
 More rich ;
 That only to stand high on your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me

Is sum of something ;¹ which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised :
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring ;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bas. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude ;
Where every something, being blent² together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio 's dead.

¹ Is not intirely ideal.

² Blended.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
'To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:¹
And when your honors mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bas. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me
one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bas. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

¹ None that I shall lose if you gain it.

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bas. Our feast shall be much honor'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down. —

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bas. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither; If that the youth of my new interest here Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave, I bid my very friends and countrymen, Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord: They are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor.—For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here; But meeting with Salerio by the way, He did entreat me, past all saying nay, To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord, And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio Commends him to you. [gives *Bas.* a letter.]

Bas. Ere I ope his letter, I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger ; bid her wel-
come.

Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice ?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?
I know, he will be glad of our success.
We are the Jasons ; we have won the fleece.

Saler. Would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost !

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon'
same paper,

That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek.
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bas. O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasantest words
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins ; I was a gentleman :
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told
you

That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
 I have engaged myself to a dear friend ;
 Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady :
 The paper as the body of my friend,
 And every word in it a gaping wound,
 Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio ?
 Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one
 hit ?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks ?

Saler. Not one, my lord.
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,
 He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.
 He plies the duke at morning and at night,
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes¹
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him
 swear

¹ The chief men.

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,
 If law, authority, and power deny not.
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble ?

Bas. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,

The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
 In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
 The ancient Roman honor more appears,
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bas. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more ?
 Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,
 Before a friend of this description
 Should lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
 First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
 And then away to Venice to your friend ;
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along :
 My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome ; show a merry cheer ;¹
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bas. [reads.] ‘Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death : notwithstanding, use your pleasure. If your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.’

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bas. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste : but, till I come again,
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
 Nor rest be interposer ’twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and JAILER.

Shy. Jailer, look to him ;——tell not me of mercy :—
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis :—
 Jailer, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

¹ Countenance.



Westall del.

Starling sc.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, & Bassanio.

Act III. Scene II.



Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond :

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond :
 Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause ;
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :
 The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
 Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond ¹
 To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
 I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond.

[Exit Shylock.]

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
 That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone :
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
 He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me ;
 Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law ;

¹ Foolish.

For the commodity that strangers have
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,
 Will much impeach the justice of the state;
 Since that the trade and profit of the city
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
 Well, jailer, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come,
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But, if you knew to whom you show this honor,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
 I know, you would be prouder of the work,
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
 Nor shall not now: for in companions
 That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,

There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty !
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward Heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return :
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition ;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowlege you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
you !

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt Jes. and Lor.*]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavor of a man,
In speed to Padua : see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect,¹ to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of : we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;

¹ A passage-boat.

And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
I could not do withal ;—then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell ;
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth.—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,¹
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fie ! what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

The same. A garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly :—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I

¹ Jack, in our author's time, was used as a term of contempt.

promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla your father, I fall into Charybdis your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband: he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; ev'n as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo ; Launce-lot and I are out : he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter ; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason ; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for,

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir ; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir ?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in ;

for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [Exit *Launcelot*.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited ! ¹

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion :
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife ?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life ;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other ; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon ; first, let us go to dinner.

¹ Well-arranged.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ; Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the DUKE; the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's¹ reach, I do oppose

¹ Envy in this place means hatred or malice.

My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse¹ more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
And, where² thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back ;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint ;
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Pity.

² Whereas.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humor; is it answer'd?
What, if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bas. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bas. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bas. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldest thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question¹ with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means ;
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
none?

¹ Converse.

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters : call the messenger.

Bas. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your grace. [presents a letter.]

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou makest thy knife keen : but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.¹ Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !
And for thy life let justice be accused.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

¹ Anger or malice.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart :—some three or four of
you,

Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] ‘Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turned o'er many books together : he is furnished with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.’

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,¹ do you not ?

[to Antonio.]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd :
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

¹ Reach or control.

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway :
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bas. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth :¹ and I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority ;
To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Da-
niel !—

O wise young judge, how do I honor thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor ; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law ; your exposition

¹ Malice oppresses honesty.

Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for the knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast :
So says the bond ;—doth it not, noble judge ?—
Nearest his heart : those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to
say ?

Ant. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth ;
To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife :
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say, how I loved you ; speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bas. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself :
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ,

(The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;

Would, any of the stock of Barrabas

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !

[*aside.*]

We trifle time. I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.— This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ; The words expressaly are, a pound of flesh. Take then thy bond ; take thou thy pound of flesh :

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—O learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act ; For, as thou urgest justice, be assured, Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice, And let the Christian go.

Bas. Here is the money.

Por. Soft; The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;— He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh. Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more, But just a pound of flesh: if thou takest more Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much As makes it light or heavy in the substance, Or the division of the twentieth part Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn But in the estimation of a hair,— Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bas. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court: He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!— I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I 'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seise one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou mayst have leave to hang
thyself :
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.¹

Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house : you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's
sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more ;—that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou
say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from
hence :

¹ ‘That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine,
but not Antonio's.’—Malone.

I am not well : send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers.

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
more,¹

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you
not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and train.*]

Bas. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope² your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid :

¹ A jury of twelve men.

² Reward.

My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again.
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bas. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther.

Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you ;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake ;
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you.—
Do not draw back your hand ; I 'll take no more ;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bas. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle :
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this :
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bas. There 's more depends on this, than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation ;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bas. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife :

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
 And know how well I have deserved this ring,
 She would not hold out enemy for ever,
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :

Let his deservings, and my love withal,
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bas. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him :
 Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,
 Unto Antonio's house :—away ; make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*

Come, you and I will thither presently ;
 And in the morning early will we both
 Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out : give him this deed,
 And let him sign it ; we 'll away to-night,
 And be a day before our husbands home.
 This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken :

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,¹
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him ; furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [to Portia.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we 'll outface them, and outwear them too.
Away ; make haste ; thou know'st where I will
tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house ? [Exeunt.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night
as this,

¹ Reflection.

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night.
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well ;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come :
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Ste. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend?

Ste. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Ste. None but a holy hermit and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house,

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my



Starling &c

MERCHANT OF VENICE

*L'Orfeo del Teatro
dell' Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia*

Hedder del



master, with his horn full of good news : my master will be here ere morning. [Exit.]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter ;—why should we go in ?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[Exit Stephano.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines¹ of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls :
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

[music.]

¹ ‘A patine is the small flat dish or plate used in the administration of the Eucharist.’—Malone.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods ;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils :
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less.
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state

Eempties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :¹
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !—
Peace, hoa ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked ! [music ceases.]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

¹ ‘ Not absolutely, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances.’—Johnson.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
 Give order to my servants, that they take
 No note at all of our being absent hence ;—
 Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you.

[*a tucket*¹ sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :
 We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight
 sick ;
 It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,
 Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their
 followers.*

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes.
 If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
 For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
 And never be Bassanio so for me.

But God sort² all !—You are welcome home, my
 lord.

Bas. I thank you, madam : give welcome to my
 friend.—
 This is the man, this is Antonio,
 To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
 him,

¹ A flourish on a trumpet.

² Reduce to order from a state of confusion.

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words ;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.¹

[*Gra.* and *Ner.* seem to talk apart.]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me
wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me ; whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife,² ‘ Love me, and leave me not.’

Ner. What talk you of the poesy or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,³ and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk !—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that
had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

¹ This verbal complimentary form.

² Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of aqua fortis,
with short sentences in distich.

³ Regardful.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy ; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with
you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it ; and here he stands :
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief :
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bas. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. *[aside.]*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bas. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it : it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bas. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain¹ the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?²
Nerissa teaches me what to believe.
I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

Bas. No, by mine honor, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that had held up the very life

¹ Retain.

² 'To urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious?'—Johnson.

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you.
I 'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honor, which is yet my own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bas. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself, —

Por. Mark you but that !
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :
 In each eye, one.—Swear by your double¹ self,
 And there 's an oath of credit.

Bas. Nay, but hear me :
 Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;²
 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[to Portia.]

Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
 Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
 And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this
 ring.

Bas. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

Por. I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;
 For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;
 For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
 In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
 In summer, where the ways are fair enough.

What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved it ?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed.
 Here is a letter ; read it at your leisure ;

¹ Double is here used for, full of duplicity.

² Advantage.

It comes from Padua, from Bellario :
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk : Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbor suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bas. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold ?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to
do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bas. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow :
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living ;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo ?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning ;
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first intergatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I 'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

or

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The Knight's Tale, in Chaucer, is supposed by Steevens to have been the prototype, whence Shakspeare derived the leading features of this play : the same writer conjectures that the doggerel verses of Bottom and his associates are nothing more than an extract from 'the boke of Perymus and Thesbye,' printed in 1562 ; while Mr. Capell thinks our author indebted to a fantastical poem of Drayton, called Nymphidia, or the Court of Fairy, for his notions of those aerial beings.

The title of this drama was probably suggested (like Twelfth Night and The Winter's Tale) by the season of the year at which it was first represented : no other ground, indeed, can be assigned for the name which it has received, since the action is distinctly pointed out as occurring on the night preceding May-day.

Of the Midsummer Night's Dream there are two editions in quarto ; one printed for Thomas Fisher, the other for James Roberts, both in 1600. Neither of these editions deserve much praise for correctness. Fisher is sometimes preferable ; but Roberts was followed, though not without some variations, by Hemings and Condell, and they by all the folios that succeeded them.

'Wild and fanciful as this play is,' says Dr. John —

son, 'all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion: common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great.'

A R G U M E N T.

Oberon, king of the fairies, requests his queen Titania to bestow on him a favorite page to execute the office of train bearer; which she refusing, he, in revenge, moistens her eyes during sleep with a certain liquor, which possesses the singular property of enamoring her of the first person she sees: the object which her eyes first encounter is an ignorant Athenian weaver, named Bottom, who, together with his associates, are preparing to represent a play at the approaching nuptials of Theseus and Hippolyta; when a wagish spirit of Oberon, named Puck, covers Bottom with the head of an ass;—a transformation, which terrifies the rustic swains, and fulfils the intention of his master, in the dotage of his queen. During this period, a young couple, Lysander and Hermia, flying from a cruel father, and the rigor of the Athenian laws, which forbid their union, enter the enchanted wood, whither they are pursued by Demetrius, whose suit is favored by the father of the fugitive damsel, and who is himself beloved by another lady following him, named Helena, whom he treats with disdain. Oberon, in pity to Helena, commands Puck to anoint the eyes of the churlish Demetrius with the charmed liquor during sleep; but he by mistake enchanting Lysander. Demetrius soon after becomes the subject of the same operation, while Helena is presented to each of the awakened lovers: the object of their affections becomes now instantly changed, and the hitherto favored Hermia is rejected by both; till Oberon at length disenchants Lysander, restores the weaver to his pristine form, and becomes reconciled to his queen. The play concludes with the union of Hippolyta to Theseus, by whose mediation the father of Hermia consents to his daughter's marriage with Lysander, while Demetrius becomes the husband of Helena.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, the carpenter.

SNUG, the joiner.

BOTTOM, the weaver.

FLUTE, the bellows-mender.

SNOUT, the tinker.

STARVELING, the tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or **ROBIN-GOODFELLOW**, a fairy.

PEAS-BLOSSOM,

COBWEB,

MOTH,

MUSTARD-SEED,

PYRAMUS,

THISBE,

WALL,

MOONSHINE,

LION,

} fairies.

} characters in the interlude performed by
the clowns.

Other fairies attending their king and queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, and a wood not far from it.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Athens. A room in the palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in
Another moon : but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
nights ;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments ;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth ;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals :

The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries ;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph,¹ and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke !

The. Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news
with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her :—
Stand forth, Lysander ;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child :
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,² conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats ; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth :
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

¹ Shows.

² Baubles.

To stubborn harshness :—and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens.
As she is mine, I may dispose of her ;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death ; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advised, fair maid :

To you your father should be as a god ;
One that composed your beauties ; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.¹
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is :
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold ;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts :

¹ You owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure
continue or destroy.

But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires.
Know of your youth,¹ examine well your blood :
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye ² to be in shady cloister mew'd ;
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause : and, by the next new
moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will ;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would ;

¹ Consider your youth.

² For ever.

Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia ;—and, Lysander,
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love ;
And what is mine my love shall render him :
And she is mine ; and all my right of her
I do estate¹ unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd ;² my love is more than his ;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia :
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted³ and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me :

¹ Bestow. ² i.e. have as ample possessions. ³ Wicked.

I have some private schooling for you both.—
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up
 (Which by no means we may extenuate)
 To death, or to a vow of single life.—
 Come, my Hippolyta ! What cheer, my love ?—
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along :
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial ; and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt The. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*

Lys. How now, my love ? Why is your cheek so pale ?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

Her. Belike, for want of rain ; which I could well Beteem them ¹ from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth :
 But, either it was different in blood ;

Her. O cross ! too high to be entrall'd to low !

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years ;

Her. O spite ! too old to be engaged to young !

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;

Her. O hell ! to choose love by another's eye !

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

¹ Give, bestow on them.

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied¹ night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross ;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's² followers.

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

¹ Black.

² Love's.

Her. My good Lysander !
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow ;
 By his best arrow with the golden head ;
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;
 By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves ;
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke ;—
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
 Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena ! Whither away ?
Hei. Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay.
 Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair !
 Your eyes are lode-stars ;¹ and your tongue's sweet
 air
 More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
 Sickness is catching ; O, were favor² so !
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ;
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,³
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

¹ Pole-stars.

² Feature, countenance.

³ Excepted.

O, teach me how you look ; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill !

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection
move !

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty. Would that fault
were mine !

Her. Take comfort ; he no more shall see my
face ;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me :
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell !

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold :
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet ;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet ;
And thence, from Athens turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.
 Farewell, sweet playfellow ; pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !—
 Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight
 From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Her.*

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—*Helena*, adieu :
 As you on him, Demetrius dote on you ! [*Exit Lys.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
 He will not know what all but he do know :
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste ;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 As waggish boys in game¹ themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured every where :
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,²
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine ;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.

¹ Sport.

² Eyes.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :¹
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A room in a cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and STARVELING.

Quince. Is all our company here ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quince. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so grow to a point.

Quince. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth

¹ It will cost him much, be a severe constraint on his feelings.

your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quince. Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest.—Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

'The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates:
And Phibus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.'

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quince. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ?

Quince. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman : I have a beard coming.

Quince. That's all one ; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice ;— ' Thisne, Thisne !—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear ; thy Thisby dear ! and lady dear ! '

Quince. No, no ; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you, Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quince. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starve. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You, Pyramus's father ; myself, Thisby's father ;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part :—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written ? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me : I will roar, that I will make the duke say, ' Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quince. An you should do it too terribly, you would

fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere¹ any nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quince. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we

¹ As if it were.

rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,¹ such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quince. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bowstrings.²

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I.

SCENE I.

A wood near Athens.

Enter a FAIRY at one door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moones sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

¹ Little incidental necessaries appertaining to a theatre.

² At all events.

³ Circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdute proceeds from their care to water them.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see :
 Those be rubies, fairy favors ;
 In those freckles live their savors :
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob¹ of spirits ; I'll be gone :
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;
 Take heed, the queen come not within his sight :
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king ;
 She never had so sweet a changeling :
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen.²
 But they do square ;³ that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Good-fellow : are you not he,

¹ A term of contempt.² Shining.³ Quarrel.





Fuseli del

Starling sc

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

A Wood. Puck

Act II Scen. I.

That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
 Skim milk ; and sometimes labor in the quern,¹
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;²
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
 Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;³
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dewlap⁴ pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her bum : down topples she,
 And tailor⁵ cries, and falls into a cough ;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe
 And waxen⁶ in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, fairy : here comes Oberon.

¹ Hand-mill.² Yeast.³ Wild apple.⁴ A lip flaccid with age.⁵ He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats on his board : hence the custom of crying 'tailor' at a sudden fall backwards.⁶ Increase.

Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he
were gone !

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train, and
TITANIA, at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tit. What, jealous Oberon ? Fairy, skip hence :
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord ?

Tit. Then I must be thy lady : but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India ?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

Tit. These are the forgeries of jealousy :

And never, since the middle summer's spring,¹
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which falling in the land,
Have every pelting ² river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents : ³
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain ;
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;
The nine men's morris ⁴ is fill'd up with mud :
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :
The human mortals want their winter here : ⁵
No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd :—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound :

¹ The beginning of the middle summer, or Midsummer.

² Petty. ³ Banks that contain them.

⁴ A game played by shepherds in the midland counties of England.

⁵ 'Those sports with which country people are accustomed to beguile a winter's evening.'—Malone.

And, thorough this distemperature,¹ we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The chidling² autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase,³ now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension :
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.⁴

Tit. Set your heart at rest :
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order ;
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
(Following her womb, then rich with my young
squire)

¹ 'Perturbation of the elements.'—Steevens.

² Teeming. ³ Produce. ⁴ Page of honor.

Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy ;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you
stay ?

Tit. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tit. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away :
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this
grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;¹
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.²
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound ;—
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once :
 The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [Exit *Puck.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
 I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love :
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,

¹ Queen Elizabeth.

² Exempt from love.

(As I can take it with another herb)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible;
 And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stolen into this wood,
 And here am I, and wood¹ within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
 I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
 Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
 Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
 Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
 What worser place can I beg in your love,
 (And yet a place of high respect with me)

¹ Mad, raving.

Than to be used as you do use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach¹ your modesty too much, To leave the city, and commit yourself Into the hands of one that loves you not, To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsel of a desert place, With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that. It is not night, when I do see your face, Therefore I think I am not in the night: Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company; For you, in my respect, are all the world. Then how can it be said, I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes, And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be changed: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed! When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me go:

¹ Bring into question.

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon¹ the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips² and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

¹ By.

² The ox-lip is the greater cowslip.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her, than she upon her love :
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord ; your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundel,¹ and a fairy song ;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
 Some, war with rear-mice² for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep
 back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits.³ Sing me now asleep ;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

¹ A kind of dance.

² Bats.

³ Quaint sports.

SONG.

1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
 Newts,¹ and blind-worms,² do no wrong ;
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh :
 So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here :
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 Fai. Hence, away ; now all is well :
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
 [squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.]
 Do it for thy true love take ;
 Love, and languish for his sake :
 Be it ounce,³ or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear

¹ Efts.

² Slow-worms.

³ A small tiger.

When thou wakest, it is thy dear :
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[Exit.]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way :
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander ; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie farther off yet ; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;¹
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.²
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;
So that but one heart we can make of it :
Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

¹ My innocent meaning.

² In the conversation of lovers, not suspicion, but love takes the meaning.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lie farther off ; in human modesty,
 Such separation, as, may well be said,
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :
 So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend !
 Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, amen to that fair prayer, say I ;
 And then end life when I end loyalty !
 Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
 press'd ! *[they sleep.]*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence ! who is here ?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear :
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid ;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courteev.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe : *
 When thou wakest, let Love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.

* Possess.

So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling¹ leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.²
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
 If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
 For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
 Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
 But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
 Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.—
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake, [waking.]
 Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

¹ In the dark.

² The favor that I gain.

Where is Demetrius ? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword !

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so :
What though he love your Hermia ? Lord, what
though ?

Yet Hermia still loves you : then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia ? No : I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love :
Who will not change a raven for a dove ?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd ;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season :
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
And touching now the point of human skill,¹
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn ?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency ?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well : perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

¹ My senses being now at the utmost height of perfection.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused ! [Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia :—Hermia, sleep thou
there ;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near !
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive ;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me !
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honor Helen, and to be her knight ! [Exit.]

Her. [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me ! do
thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !
Ah me, for pity !—what a dream was here !
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander ! what, removed ? Lysander, lord !
What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no
word ?
Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;
Speak, of all loves ;¹ I swoon almost with fear.
No ?—then I well perceive you are not nigh :
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

¹ By all that is dear.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. The queen of fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quince. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quince. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin,¹ a parlous² fear.

Starve. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the

¹ By our ladykin.

² Perilous.

more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quince. Well, we will have such a prologue ; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more ; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion ?

Starve. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves : to bring in, God shield us ! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing ; for there is not a more fearful¹ wild-fowl than your lion, living ; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck ; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect :—‘ Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble : my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing ; I am a man as other men are :’—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quince. Well, it shall be so. But there is two

¹ Frightful.

hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quince. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quince. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quince. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;¹ and so every one according to his cue.²

¹ Thicket.

² A cue, in theatrical language, signifies the last words of

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-
gering here
So near the cradle of the fairy queen ?
What, a play toward ? I 'll be an auditor ;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quince. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. ' Thisby, the flowers of odious savoris
sweet,'—

Quince. Odors, odors.

Pyr. ' —odors savors sweet :
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice ! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.' [Exit.
Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here !
[aside.—Exit.

This. Must I speak now ?

Quince. Ay, marry, must you : for you must
understand, he goes but to see a noise that he
heard, and is to come again.

This. ' Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of
hue,

Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier :
Most brisky juvenal,¹ and eke most lovely Jew ;
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.'

Quince. Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not

the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to
speak next.

¹ Young man.

speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, ‘never tire.’

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—‘As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.’

Pyr. ‘If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.’—

Quince. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art
translated. [Exit.]

Bot. I see their knavery : this is to make an ass
of me ; to fright me, if they could. But I will not
stir from this place, do what they can : I will walk
up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall
hear I am not afraid. [sings.]

The ousel-cock,¹ so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle² with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tit. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?
[waking.]

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo³ gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay ;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
bird ? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry,
cuckoo, never so ?

Tit. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again ;
Mine ear is much enamor'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have iittle

¹ Cock blackbird.

² Thrush.

³ The cuckoo with his uniform note.

reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek¹ upon occasion.

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tit. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter FOUR FAIRIES.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

¹ Joke.

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries.¹
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries :
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise :
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes :
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail !

3 *Fai.* Hail !

4 *Fai.* Hail !

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb : if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman ?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,² your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir ?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your

¹ Gooseberries.

² A squash is an immature peascod.

patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my lover's tongue; bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule¹ now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,² rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

¹ Frolic of the night.

² Simple fellows.

Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,¹
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nowl² I fixed on his head :
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimic³ comes. When they him
 spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs,⁴ many in sort,⁵
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
 strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things
 catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

¹ Stupid company.

² Head.

³ Actor.

⁴ The chough is a bird of the daw kind.

⁵ Company.

But hast thou yet latch'd¹ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee
worse ;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia ? I 'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bored ; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him :
So should a murderer look ; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look ; and so
should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty :

¹ Infected.

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake.
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!¹
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised
mood:²

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more;—
And from thy hated presence part I so.
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for awhile I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

¹ Exploit.

² In a mistaken manner.

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [lies down.]

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true love's sight:
Of thy misprision¹ must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind.
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick² she is, and pale of cheer³
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood
dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.]

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

¹ Mistake.

² Love-sick.

³ Countenance.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand ;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond¹ pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Obe. Stand aside : the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one ;
That must needs be sport alone :
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in
scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !

¹ Foolish.

These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls,¹ to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

¹ Heartily.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena :
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision ! none, of noble sort,¹
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;
 For you love Hermia ; this, you know, I know :
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeathe,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none :
 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd ;
 And now to Helen is it home return'd,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou abide it dear.²—
 Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
 takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;

¹ Degree.

² Pay dearly for it.

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense.—
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
 to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my
 side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
 Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes¹ and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee
 know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?

Her. You speak not as you think ; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !
 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
 To bait me with this foul derision ?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us.—O, now, is all forgot ?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial² gods,

¹ Circles.

² Ingenious, artful.

Have with our needls¹ created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis n't maidenly :
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent ?

¹ Needles.

What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
 But miserable most, to love unloved ?
 This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mows¹ upon me when I turn my back ;
 Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault,
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
 prayers.—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do :
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

¹ Wry faces.

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, he 'll—Sir,

Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;
But yet come not : you are a tame man ; go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing,
let loose ;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change
is this,

Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, sooth ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond ; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you ; I 'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead ?

Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than
hate ?

Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?

Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night you loved me, yet since night you left
me :

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid !—

In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life :
And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt:
 Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest,
 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom !¹
 You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,
 And stolen my love's heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, i' faith !
 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
 No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear
 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
 Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet, you !

Her. Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the
 game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
 Between our statures ; she hath urged her height ;
 And with her personage, her tall personage,
 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
 And are you grown so high in his esteem,
 Because I am so dwarfish and so low ?
 How low am I, thou painted maypole ? speak ;
 How low am I ? I am not yet so low,
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
 Let her not hurt me. I was never curst ;²
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;
 I am a right maid for my cowardice ;
 Let her not strike me : you, perhaps, may think,
 Because she's something lower than myself,

¹ A worm that preys on the buds of flowers.

² Shrewish or mischievous.

That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him:
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no farther. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond¹ I am.

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders
you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her
part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and
shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—

¹ Foolish.

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;¹
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
.n her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend²
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.³

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jole. [Exit *Lys.* and *Dem.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil⁴ is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.]

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.

[Exit, pursuing *Helena*.]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

¹ Knot-grass was anciently supposed to prevent the growth
of any animal or child. ² Pretend.

³ Pay dearly for it. ⁴ Confusion, tumult.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man
 By the Athenian garments he had on ?
 And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
 That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes :
 And so far am I glad it so did sort,¹
 As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to
 fight :

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
 The starry welkin cover thou anon
 With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
 And lead these testy rivals so astray,
 As one come not within another's way.
 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
 And from each other look thou lead them thus,
 'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,²
 To take from thence all error, with his might,
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,³
 With league, whose date till death shall never
 end.

¹ Happen.

² Medicinal efficacy.

³ Go.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
 haste ;

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
 there,

Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone :
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :
 I with the morning's love¹ have oft made sport ;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit Oberon]

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;
 I will lead them up and down :

¹ Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.

I am fear'd in field and town :
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys.* as following the voice.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
 The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I :
 I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day !

[*lies down.*

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [sleeps.]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho ! ho, ho ! Coward, why comest thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest ; for well I wot,
 Thou run'st before me, shifting every place ;
 And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
 Where art thou ?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
 If ever I thy face by daylight see :
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
 By day's approach look to be visited.

[*lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours : shine, comforts, from the
 east ;

That I may back to Athens, by daylight,
 From these that my poor company detest :—
 And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
 Steal me awhile from mine own company. [sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;
 Two of both kinds makes up four.
 Here she comes, curst and sad :—
 Cupid is a knavish lad,
 Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with
 briers :
 I can no farther crawl, no farther go ;
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me till the break of day.
 Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
 Sleep sound :
 I 'll apply
 To your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.
 [squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]

When thou wakest,
 Thou takest
 True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye :
 And the country proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown :
 Jack shall have Jill ;
 Naught shall go ill ;
 The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
 well. [Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.

A C T I V.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, FAIRIES attending ;
OBERON behind, unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery
 bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,¹
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

¹ Stroke.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honeybag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,¹ monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavelero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

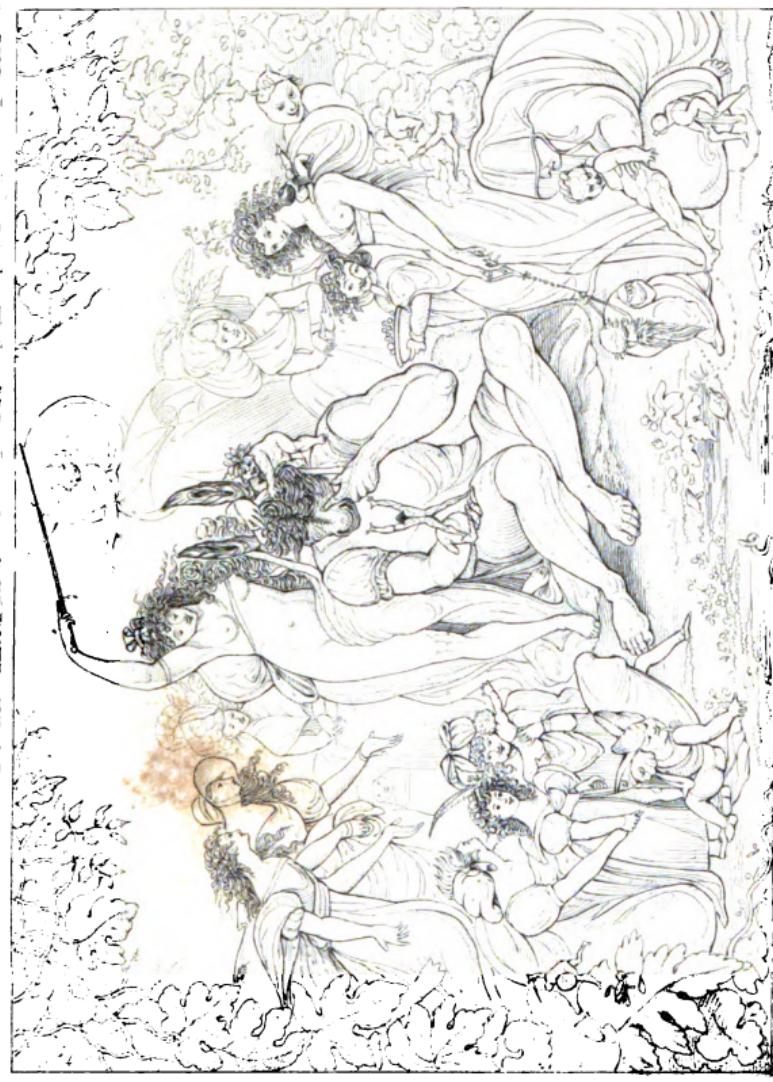
Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tit. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

¹ Fist.



Starling & Co.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

*Titania Bottom, Fairies &c.
Act IV Scene i*

Fordell del.



Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried
peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir
me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist;—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[they sleep.]

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this
sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain ;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair ;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be ;

[*touching her eyes with a herb.*

See as thou wast wont to see :
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tit. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !
Methought, I was enamor'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass ?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now !

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call ; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tit. Music, ho ! music ; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*still music.*] Come, my
queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity ;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Illustrations by J. D. B. L. & Son
for H. S. & Son.

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Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity :
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark ;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,¹
Trip we after the night's shade :
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tit. Come, my lord ; and, in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;—
For now our observation is perform'd :
And since we have the vaward ² of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley ; go.—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once.
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear

¹ In sober silence.

² Fore part.

With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding ;¹ for, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
 kind,
 So flew'd,² so sanded ;³ and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd⁴ like Thessalian bulls ;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tunable
 Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

Judge when you hear.—But, soft : what nymphs
 are these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;
 And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
 I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
 The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
 But speak, Egeus ; is not this the day,
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

¹ Sound.

² Flews are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound.

³ Of a sandy color.

⁴ With flesh hanging down from the throat.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA *wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;¹

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*he and the rest kneel to Theseus.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you are two rival enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here:

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is)

I came with Hermia hither: our intent

Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stolen away, they would, De-metrius,

¹ Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on Saint Valentine's day.

Thereby to have defeated you and me :
 You of your wife, and me of my consent ;
 Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
 Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
 And I in fury hither follow'd them,
 Fair Helena in fancy¹ following me.
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
 (But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
 Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd,²
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia :
 But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food :
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
 Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
 For in the temple, by and by, with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit :
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.—
 Away, with us, to Athens : three and three,

¹ Love.² Toy.

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me,

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,

The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, ‘Most fair Pyramus.’—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God’s my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of

man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool,¹ if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.²

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Athens. A room in Quince's house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quince. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Starve. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

¹ A fool in a particolored coat.

² Probably meaning the death of Thisbe.

Flute. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quince. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quince. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quince. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you,

is, that the duke hath dined : get your apparel together ; good strings to your beards,¹ new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words ; away ; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

The same. An apartment in the palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

¹ To prevent them from falling off during the representation.

Are of imagination all compact :¹
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
 That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigured so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy ;²
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
 Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,
 Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us
 Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

¹ Are made of mere imagination.

² Consistency.

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,

Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Phi. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment¹ have you for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phi. There is a brief,² how many sports are ripe.
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[giving a paper.]

The. [reads.] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to
be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,

¹ Pastime.

² Short account.

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phi. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted:

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Phi. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never labor'd in their minds till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreathed¹ memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phi. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,

¹ Unexercised.

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play :
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might,¹ not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

¹ Endeavor.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phi. So please your grace, the prologue is ad-
dress'd.¹

The. Let him approach. [*florish of trumpets.*]

Enter PROLOGUE.

Pro. ' If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite,
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent
you,

The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.'

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt ;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : it
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue, like
a child on a recorder ;² a sound, but not in govern-
ment.

¹ Ready.

² Flagelet.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION, as in dumb show.

Pro. 'Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show:

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
sunder:

And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,¹

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

¹ Called.

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
 And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
 At large discourse, while here they do remain.'

[*Exeunt Pro. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
 many asses do.

Wall. 'In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hole, or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
 show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.'

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
 better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
 discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. 'O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
 black!

O night, which ever art, when day is not!

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !—
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine ;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne. [Wall holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for
this !
But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me !'
The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.
Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving
me' is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now, and I am
to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will
fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. 'O wall, full often hast thou heard my
moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me :
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in
thee.'

Pyr. 'I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby !'

This. 'My love ! thou art my love, I think.'

Pyr. 'Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;'

And like Limander am I trusty still.'

This. 'And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'

Pyr. 'Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.'

This. 'As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.'

Pyr. 'O, kiss me through the hole of this vil wall.'

This. 'I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.'

Pyr. 'Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway ?'

This. 'Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.'

Wall. 'Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so ; And, being done, thus wall away doth go.'

[*Ereunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbors.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. ' You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do
fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor,

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.'

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
science.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er
I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord ; for his valor cannot carry
his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valor ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well :
leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the
moon.

Moon. ' This lantern doth the horned moon pre-
sent : '

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible
within the circumference.

Moon. ' This lantern doth the horned moon pre-
sent : '

Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.'

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest : the man should be put into the lantern : how is it else the man i' the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle : for, you see, it is already in snuff.¹

Hip. I am aweary of this moon. Would, he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. 'This is old Ninny's tomb : where is my love ?'

Lion. 'O—!' [the lion roars. *Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

¹ A quibble. Snuff signifies both the cinder of a candle and hasty anger.

The. Well moused, lion.

[*the lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. 'Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay ;—O spite !

But mark ;—Poor knight !

What dreadful dole is here ?

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood ?

Approach, ye furies fell !

O fates ! come, come ;

Cut thread and thrum ;¹

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !'²

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. 'O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame ?

Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear ;

¹ Coarse yarn.

² Destroy.

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with
cheer.¹

Come, tears, confound ;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus ;
Ay, that left pap.,
Where heart doth hop :
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled ;
My soul is in the sky :
Tongue, lose thy light !
Moon, take thy flight !
Now die, die, die, die, die.'

[dies. *Exit Moonshine.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead, he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.



¹ Countenance.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus. I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet* :—

This. ‘Asleep, my love ?

What, dead, my dove ?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

Dead, dead ? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone :

Lovers, make moan !

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come, to me,

With hands as pale as milk ;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word :—

Come, trusty sword ;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue :

And farewell, friends ;—
 Thus Thisbe ends :
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.' [dies.]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance,¹ between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[*here a dance of Crows.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—
 Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.
 I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have o'erwatch'd.
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
 The heavy gait² of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ A dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a country in Italy belonging to the Venetians.

² Slow passage.

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.¹
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering
light,
By the dead and drowsy fire :

¹ Overcome.

Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse this song by rote :
 To each word a warbling note,
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be ;
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be ;
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand :
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious,¹ such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.—
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gait ;²
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace with sweet peace :

¹ Portentous.² Direct his steps.

Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it bless'd.

Trip away ;
Make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear :
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend :
If you pardon, we will mend ;
And, as I 'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,¹
We will make amends, ere long :
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends ;
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

¹ If we be dismissed without hisses.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

or

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

No traces have yet been discovered of any novel or tale from which the incidents of this comedy have been borrowed. The fable, however, does not appear to be a work of pure invention, and most probably is indebted for its origin to some romance, now no longer in existence. The character of Holofernes is supposed to be the portrait of an individual; and some of his quotations have induced commentators to infer, that John Florio, a pedantic teacher of Italian, was the object of the poet's satire.

Malone conjectures that Love's Labor's Lost was first written in 1594, of which no exact transcript is preserved; for in the earliest edition which has hitherto been found of this play, namely that of 1598, it is said in the title page to be 'newly corrected and augmented,' with the farther information, that it had been 'presented before her highness the last Christmas;' facts, which show, that we are in possession, not of the first draught or edition of this comedy, but only of that copy which represents it as it was revived and improved for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth in 1597. That this was one of Shakspeare's earliest essays in dramatic writing is clearly proved by the frequent rhymes, the imperfect versification, and the irregularity of the composition.

'It must be confessed,' says Dr. Johnson, 'that there are many passages in this play mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare.'

A R G U M E N T.

— —

Ferdinand, king of Navarre, having devoted himself to the study of philosophy, prevails on three of his courtiers to renounce with him the pleasures of society ; exacting an oath from each, that for the space of three years they would sedulously attend to the culture of their minds, separate themselves intirely from the company of females, and practise the utmost simplicity in their apparel and diet. At this critical juncture the princess of France arrives at the palace of Navarre on an embassy from the king her father, attended by three ladies in her train : her personal charms and mental endowments soon make a powerful impression on the heart of the secluded monarch ; and he has the satisfaction of perceiving that his fellow students are not insensible to the attractions of the ladies of the French court ; but are equally anxious with himself to obtain a dispensation of their rash vow. An immediate prosecution of their suit is now resolved on, which exposes them to the raillery of their mistresses, who, after reproaching the repentant devotees with their perjury, insist on subjecting the permanence of their attachments to the trial of a whole year ; at the expiration of which period they consent to become their wives.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the king.

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } lords attending on the princess of France.
MERCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.

HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable.

COSTARD, a clown.

MOTH, page to Armado.

A FORESTER.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } ladies attending on the princess.

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the king and princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Navarre. A park, with a palace in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavor of this present breath may buy
That honor, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors !—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,

That are recorded in this schedule here.
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your
names;

That his own hand may strike his honor down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Lon. I am resolved : 'tis but a three years'
fast ;

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified ;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.

Bir. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term ;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside ;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from
these.

Bir. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please :
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Lon. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study ? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should
not krow.

Bir. Things hid and bair'd, you mean, from
common sense ?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Bir. Come on then, I will swear to study so ;
To know the thing I am forbid to know :
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid ;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid ;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most
vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely¹ blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks:

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know naught but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against
reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Lon. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the
weeding.

Bir. The spring is near, when green geese are a
breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

¹ Dishonestly, treacherously.

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhyme.

Lon. Biron is like an envious sneaping¹ frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Bir. Well, say I am ; why should proud summer
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;
But like of each thing, that in season grows :
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron : adieu !

Bir. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay
with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowlege you can say,

Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years'
day.

Give me the paper ; let me read the same ;

And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame !

Bir. [reads.] 'Item, that no woman shall come

¹ Nipping.

within a mile of my court.'—Hath this been proclaimed?

Lon. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [reads.] 'On pain of losing her tongue.'—Who devised this penalty?

Lon. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Bir. A dangerous law against gentility!

[reads.] 'Item, if any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire: so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree :

She must lie ¹ here on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space :

For every man with his affects is born ;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace :

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name :

[subscribes.]

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions ² are to others as to me :

But, I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation ³ granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is
haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :

¹ Reside.

² Temptations.

³ Lively sport.

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,¹
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.²

Bir. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire-new³ words, fashion's own knight.

Lon. Costard the swain and he shall be our
 sport;
 And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Bir. This, fellow! What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
 am his grace's tharborough:⁴ but I would see his
 own person in flesh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
 There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you
 more.

¹ Called.

² 'I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.'—Douce.

³ Words newly coined, new from the forge.

⁴ Thirdborough, a peace officer, similar to a headborough or constable.

Cos. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Bir. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low having. God grant us patience!

Bir. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Lon. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cos. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta: the manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bir. In what manner?

Cos. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman;—for the form,—in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir?

Cos. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cos. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh!

King. [reads.] 'Great deputy, the welkin's vice-

gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron,'—

Cos. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. 'So it is,'—

Cos. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cos. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cos. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. 'So it is, besieged with sable-colored melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humor to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped¹ thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colored ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden.²

¹ Called.

² Garden abounding with figures, the lines of which intersected each other in many directions.

There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base
minnow¹ of thy mirth,'

Cos. Me.

King. —' that unlettered, small-knowing soul,'

Cos. Me.

King. —' that shallow vassal,'

Cos. Still me.

King. —' which, as I remember, hight² Costard,'

Cos. O me!

King. —' sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith : '

Cos. With a wench.

King. —' with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an't shall please you ; I am Antony Dull.

King. 'For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to

¹ A minnow is a very small fish.

² Called.

trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

' DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Bir. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cos. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cos. I do confess much of the hearing it but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cos. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cos. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cos. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cos. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cos. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper:—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er;

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cos. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, Sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Armado's house.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?¹

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

¹ Youth.

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary; crosses¹ love not him. [aside.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

¹ A cross is the name of a coin once current.

Moth. How many is one thrice told ?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning ; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both ; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now here is three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink : and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse¹ will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure !

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [aside.]

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love : and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh ; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love ?

Moth. Hercules, master.

¹ A remarkable horse in the time of Shakspeare.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter; and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the color of lovers: but to have a love of that color, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ! most pretty and pathetical !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
 Her faults will ne'er be known ;
 For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
 And fears by pale-white shown :
 Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know ;
 For still her cheeks possess the same,
 Which native she doth owe.¹

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard : she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master. [aside.]

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

¹ Of which she is naturally possessed.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be passed.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.¹ Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jug. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cos. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

¹ Dairy-woman.

Cos. I am more bound to you than your fellows,
for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cos. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast,
being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou
shalt to prison.

Cos. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of de-
solation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cos. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they
look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent
in their words; and therefore I will say nothing:
I thank God, I have as little patience as another
man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect¹ the very ground, which is base,
where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot,
which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsown,
(which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love:
and how can that be true love, which is falsely at-
tempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there
is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so
tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet
was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good
wit. Cupid's butt-shaft² is too hard for Hercules'

¹ Love.

² An arrow to shoot at butts with. The butt was the place
on which the mark to be shot at was placed.

club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado¹ he respects not, the duello² he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit, write pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[Exit.]

A C T I I .

SCENE I.

Another part of the same. A pavilion and tents at a distance.

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boy. Now, madam, summon up your dearest³ spirits :

Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight

¹ A push, a thrust.

² The law of duelling.

³ Best.

Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As Nature was in making graces dear,
 When she did starve the general world beside,
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
 mean,

Needs not the painted florish of your praise :
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker ;—good Boyet,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling Fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court.
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
 Bold ¹ of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
 On serious business, craving quick despatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his grace.
 Haste ; signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humbly-visaged suitors, his high will.

¹ Confident.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam : at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnised,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is 't so ?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humors
know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they
grow.

Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;

And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he, and his competitors ¹ in oath,
Were all address'd ² to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learn'd ;
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)

¹ Confederates.

² Prepared.

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre.

[*the ladies mask.*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet : the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady ! I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord ! he 'll be forsown.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise.
Where¹ now his knowlege must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping :
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it :
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold ;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

¹ Whereas.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [gives a paper.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant
once ?

Bir. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question !

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such
questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot : it speeds too fast ; 'twill
tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Bir. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an intire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Received that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
 Although not valued to the money's worth.
 If then the king your father will restore
 But that one half which is unsatisfied,
 We will give up our right in Aquitain,
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
 But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
 To have his title live in Aquitain ;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,¹
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
 And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseeming to confess receipt
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word :—
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

¹ Would part with.

For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boy. So please your grace, the packet is not
come,

Where that and other specialties are bound :
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me ; at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honor, without breach of honor, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so received,
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbor in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt King and his train.*

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to my own
heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations : I would
be glad to see it.

Bir. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says, I.¹

Bir. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No *poynt*,² with my knife.

Bir. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?

Boy. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.]

Lon. I beseech you, a word. What is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Lon. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Lon. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her mother's, I have heard.

Lon. God's blessing on your beard!

Boy. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Lon. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boy. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Longaville.]

¹ Ay, yes.

² A quibble on the French particle of negation.

Bir. What's her name, in the cap?

Boy. Katharine, by good hap.

Bir. Is she wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will, sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome, sir: adieu!

Boy. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.* *Ladies unmash.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his
word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to
board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boy. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture. Shall that finish
the jest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

[*offering to kiss her.*

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several¹ they be.

Boy. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

¹ Private property.

Boy. If my observation, (which very seldom lies)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boy. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boy. Why, all his behaviors did make their re-tire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be :
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
Who, tendering their own worth, from where they
 were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is disposed—

Boy. But to speak that in words, which his eye
 hath disclosed :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
 skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her
father is but grim.

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

[*Ereunt.*]

A C T I I I.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense
of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel— [singing.]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take
this key; give enlargement to the swain; bring him
festinately¹ hither; I must employ him in a letter
to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
French brawl?²

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

¹ Hastily.

² A kind of dance.

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary¹ to it with your feet, humor it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humors; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

¹ Canary was the name of a sprightly dance.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three
I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and
without, upon the instant. By heart you love her,
because your heart cannot come by her ; in heart
you love her, because your heart is in love with her ;
and out of heart you love her, being out of heart
that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet
nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain : he must carry me
a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised ; a horse to
be ambassador for an ass !

Arm. Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon
the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?

If not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

Moth. Minime, honest master ; or rather, master,
no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so :
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of grace.

By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face :

Most rude melancholy, valor gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master ; here's a Costard¹ broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy *l'envoy* ;²—begin.

Cos. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* ; no salve in the mail,³ sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain ; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain !

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly thought, my spleen ; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve ?

Moth. Do the wise think them other ? is not *l'envoy* a salve ?

¹ Head.

² A term borrowed from the old French poetry, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person.

³ Mail signified a box or packet : from the French *malle*.

Arm. No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it :—

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy* : say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose.
Would you desire more ?

Cos. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose :

Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin ?

Moth. By saying, that a Costard was broken in a shin,

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cos. True, and I for a plantain ; thus came your argument in :

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought ;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a Costard broken in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cos. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth ; I will speak that *l'envoy* :—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cos. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cos. O, marry me to one Frances ;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person : thou wert im-mured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cos. True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-rance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this. Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration ; [giving him money.] for the best ward of mine honor is, re-warding my dependents. Moth, follow.

[*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cos. My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my incony¹ Jew !— [Exit *Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings—remuneration.—‘ What's the price of this inkle ? ’²—‘ A penny.’—‘ No, I ’ll give you a remuneration.’ Why, it carries it.—Remuneration ! —why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard ! exceedingly well met.

Cos. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

Bir. What is a remuneration ?

Cos. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cos. I thank your worship. God be with you !

Bir. O, stay, slave ; I must employ thee : As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cos. When would you have it done, sir ?

Bir. O, this afternoon.

Cos. Well, I will do it, sir : fare you well.

Bir. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cos. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

¹ Delightful.

² An inkle was a narrow fillet of tape.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cos. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this :—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady ;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;
And to her white hand see thou do command
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ;¹ go.
[gives him money.

Cos. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon ! better than remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon !—I will do it, sir, in print.²—Guerdon—remuneration. [Exit.

Bir. O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been love's whip ;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;
A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
This wimpled,³ whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

¹ Reward.

² With the utmost exactness.

³ Hooded, veiled.

Dread prince of plackets,¹ king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,²—O, my little heart !
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colors like a tumbler's hoop !³
What ? I ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame ;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right ?
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all ;
And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and grow'n :
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[Exit]

¹ Petticoats.

² Officers of the bishop's court who serve citations.

³ The hoop of a tumbler was adorned with ribands.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill ?

Boy. I know not ; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch ;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in ?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot ;
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what ? first praise me, and again
say, no ?

O short-lived pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe !

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now :
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true ;

[giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

Starling sc

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

Princes Rosaline &c.
Act IV. Scene I.

Hamilton del.





For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days !

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow.—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting, well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't ;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart :
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boy. Do not curst¹ wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cos. God dig-you-den all !² Pray you, which is
the head lady ?

¹ Shrewish.

² God give you all good even.

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
that have no heads.

Cos. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cos. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth
is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest
here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cos. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one
lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend
of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve:
Break up this capon.¹

Boy. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boy. [reads.] 'By heaven, that thou art fair, is
most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth
itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,
beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself,
have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The

¹ Open this letter.

magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon, and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomise in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; why did he come? to see; why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar; what saw he? the beggar; who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched; on whose side? the beggar's: the catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles, titles; for thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

‘Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

‘DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.’

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
‘Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear
better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the
style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-
while.¹

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here
in court;

A phantasm, a monarcho; and one that makes
sport

To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Cos. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cos. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cos. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come,
lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another
day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*]

Boy. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

¹ Just now.

Finely put off!

Boy. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boy. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain¹ was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. 'Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [singing.]
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.'

Boy. 'An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.'

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*]

Cos. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

¹ The wife of king Arthur.

Boy. A mark! O, mark but that mark; a mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cos. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boy. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cos. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cos. She's too hard for you at prick, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl. [Exeunt *Boy.* and *Mar.*]

Cos. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O'my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!

Sola, sola !

[shouting within.]

[Exit Costard, running.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Sir Nath. Very reverent sport, truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood: ripe as a pomewater,¹ who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Sir Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least. But sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.²

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, rathertest, uncen-

¹ A species of apple formerly much esteemed.

² A buck of the second year.

firmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus!* O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Sir Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts
that do fructify in us more than he:

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,
or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in
a school:¹

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
‘ Many can brook the weather, that love not the
wind.’

Dull. You two are book-men. Can you tell by
your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not
five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, good-
man Dull.

¹ To be in a school would as ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly would become n.e.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Sir Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam
was no more;

And raught¹ not to five weeks, when he came to
five score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.²

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the
exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allu-
sion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the ex-
change; for the moon is never but a month old:
and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the prin-
cess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal
epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humor the
ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed,
a pricket.

Sir Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*;
so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter;³ for it
argues facility.

' The praiseful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty
pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made
sore with shooting.

¹ Reached.

² The riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as
when I use the name of Cain.

³ I will practise alliteration.

The dogs did yell; put *l* to sore, then sorel¹ jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then *L* to sore makes fifty sores;² O sore *L*!

Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more *L*.'

Sir Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent!³

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Sir Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

¹ A buck of the third year.

² In allusion to *L* being the numeral for fifty.

³ In our author's time the talon of a bird was frequently written 'talent.'





Wheatley del

Starling sc.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

*Dull, Holsterne, Sir Nathaniel, Costard, & Jaquenetta.
Act IV. Scene II.*

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on: and if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cos. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth: fire enough for a flint; pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty: it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho. I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

—————*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Sir Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse. *Lege, domine!*

Sir Nath. 'If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend :
If knowlege be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend ;
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder ;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue !'

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? *Imitari*, is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired

horse¹ his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript:—‘To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.’ I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:—‘Your ladyship’s in all desired employment, BIRON.’ Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen’s, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cos. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cos. and Jaq.*

Sir Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and, as a certain father saith,

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colorable colors.² But, to return to the verses; did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

¹ The horse adorned with ribands.

² Specious appearances.

Sir Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine, where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of theforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Sir Nath. And thank you too: for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes,¹ the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [to *Dull.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away: the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the same.

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Bir. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;² pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad

¹ In truth.

² Alluding to the dark complexion of his mistress.

as Ajax : it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again on my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye !—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love ; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already ; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper : God give him grace to groan !

[*gets up into a tree.*

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ah me !

Bir. [aside.] Shot, by heaven !—Proceed, sweet Cupid : thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap :—i' faith, secrets.—

King. [reads.] ‘ So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light :
Thou shonest in every tear that I do weep.

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show :
 But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.'—
 How shall she know my griefs ? I 'll drop the paper :
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?
[steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.

Bir. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear ! [aside.]

Lon. Ah me ! I am forsown ! [aside.]

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.¹ [aside.]

King. In love, I hope : sweet fellowship in shame ! [aside.]

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name. [aside.]

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjured so ? [aside.]

Bir. I could put thee in comfort : not by two, that I know : [aside.]

¹ The punishment of perjury was to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Lon. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose : *[aside.]*

Disfigure not his slop.

Lon. This same shall go.—

[he reads the sonnet.]

'Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhaldest this vapor vow ; in thee it is :

If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise ?'

Bir. [aside.] This is the liver vein,¹ which makes
flesh a deity ;
A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the
way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Lon. By whom shall I send this ?—Company !
stay. [stepping aside.]

Bir. [aside.] All hid, all hid,² an old infant play :
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish ;
Dumain transform'd : four woodcocks in a dish !

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Bir. O most profane coxcomb ! [aside.]

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye !

Bir. By earth, she is but corporal ; there you lie.
[aside.]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.³

Bir. An amber-color'd raven was well noted.

[aside.]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. Stoop, I say ;

Her shoulder is with child. [aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

¹ The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.

² Children's cry at hide and seek.

Outstripped, surpassed.

Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
shine. [aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Lon. And I had mine! [aside.]

King. And I mine too, good lord! [aside.]

Bir. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good
word? [aside.]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Bir. A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers. Sweet misprision?

[aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
[aside.]

Dum. 'On a day, (alack the day!)

Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forswn for thee;

Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.'—

This will I send ; and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note ;
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Lon. Dumain, [advancing.] thy love is far from
 charity,
 That in love's grief desirest society :
 You may look pale ; but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [advancing.] you blush ; as his
 your case is such ;
 You chide at him, offending twice as much :
 You do not love Maria ; Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion :
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
 'Ah me !' says one ; 'O Jove !' the other cries ;
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
 You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[to Longaville.]
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
 [to Dumain]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[descends from the tree.]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
 There is no certain princess that appears:
 You'll not be perjured; 'tis a hateful thing:
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did
 see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!¹
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic² Timon laugh at idle toys!

¹ Grief.

² Cynic.

Whcre lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain ?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?
 And where my liege's ? all about the breast :—
 A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Bir. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you ;
 I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in ;—
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With moonlike men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
 Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me ?¹ When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft. Whither away so fast ?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Bir. I post from love : good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cos. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cos. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

¹ In trimming myself.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be
read;

Our parson misdoubts it: 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [giving him the letter.
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cos. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
tear it?

Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it.

Lon. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[picks up the pieces.]

Bir. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! [to Costard.]
you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
up the mess:

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you
more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true; we are four:
Will these turtles be gone?

Cos. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.]

Bir. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, -O, let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face :

Young blood doth not obey an old decree :
We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsown.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love
of thine?

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow.

Dare's look upon the heaven or
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon:

She, an attending star, scarce seen a

My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Nixon.

BIR. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :
 O, but for my lone day would turn to night,

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Presto ! presto ! presto !

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues ;—

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;

She passes praise : then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Bir. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of
night ;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,¹

Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

¹ Alluding to the fashion then prevalent, of wearing false hair, or periwigs.

Her favor turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black.

Lon. And, since her time, are colliers counted
bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colors should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday
here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as
she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Lon. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her
face see. [showing his shoe.]

Bir. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Bir. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all for-
sworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this
evil.

Lon. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilletts,¹ how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,

And abstinence engenders maladies:

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book.

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigor of the traveller.

¹ Law chicane.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow :
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?¹
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books :
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers,² as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with ?
Other slow arts intirely keep the brain ;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;

¹ i.e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author.

² Poetical fire.

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled¹ snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
 For valor, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs :
 O. then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and norish all the world ;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear ;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;²
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :

¹ Inshelled.² That is pleasing to all men.

It is religion, to be thus forsworn :
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advised,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Len. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by.
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore let us devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. First, from the park let us conduct them thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. *Allons ! allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;¹

And justice always whirls in equal measure :

¹ A proverbial expression, intimating that, beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood.

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.¹*

Sir Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons² at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,³ audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te :* his humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.⁴ He is too picked,⁵ too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Sir Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*takes out his table-book.*

¹ Enough is as good as a feast.

² Discourse.

³ Affectionate.

⁴ Boastful.

⁵ Showy in his dress.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise¹ companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbor *vocatur* nebor; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable; (which he would call abominable) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domini?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Sir Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—bone, for *bene*. Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Hol. *Videsne quis venit?*

Sir Nath. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[to Moth.]

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [to Costard aside.]

Cos. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket² of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as

¹ Finical.

² Refuse.

honoricabilitudinitatibus : thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.¹

Moth. Peace ; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [to *Hol.*] are you not lettered ?

Moth. Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head ?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant ?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep : the other two concludes it ; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterra-neum, a sweet touch, a quick venew² of wit : snap, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I

¹ A small inflammable substance swallowed in a glass of wine.

² A smart hit.

will whip about your infamy *circum circa*; a gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cos. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldest have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldest thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house¹ on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend.—For what is inward² between us, let it pass:—I do be-

¹ Free school.

² Confidential.

seech thee, remember thy courtesy :¹—I beseech thee, apparel thy head ;—and, among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too ;—but let that pass :—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,² with my mustachio : but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable : some certain special honors it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass.—The very all of all is, —but, sweet heart, I do implore secresy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck,³ with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

¹ Remember that thou art standing with thy hat off.

² Beard. ³ Chicken: an ancient term of endearment.

Sir Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, air, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Herculea! now thou crushest the snake!' That is the way to make an offence gracious;¹ though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge² not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via,³ goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

¹ To convert an offence against yourselves into a dramatic propriety. ² Suit. ³ Courage.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Before the Princess's pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we de-part,

If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides, the leaf, margent, and all ;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax ;¹

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

¹ Grow.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd
your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse,¹ of this
light word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning
out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in
snuff ;²

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the
dark.

Kath. So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore
light.

Kath. You weigh me not !—O, that's you care
not for me.

Ros. Great reason ; for, Past cure is still past
care.

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well
play'd.

¹ This word was formerly a term of endearment.

² In anger.

But, Rosaline, you have a favor too :
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would, you knew.
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favor were as great ; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :
The numbers true ; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground :
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils ! How ? let me not die your
debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O, that your face were not so full of Os !¹

Kath. A pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all
shroves !

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from
fair Dumain ?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain ?

Kath. Yes, madam ; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :
A huge translation of hypocrisy :
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

¹ Marks of the small pox.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville :

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!¹

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;

And shape his service wholly to my behests;²

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!³

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

¹ 'I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited as if I had hired him.'—Steevens. ² Commands.

³ I would make him proud to flatter me, who make a mock of his flattery.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
 As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his
 face.

Boy. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's
 her grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boy. Prepare, madam, prepare !—
 Arm, wenches, arm ! encounters mounted are
 Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,
 Armed in arguments : you'll be surprised :
 Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid ! What are
 they,

That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boy. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ;
 When, lo ! to interrupt my purposed rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold address'd
 The king and his companions : warily
 I stole into a neighbor thicket by,
 And overheard what you shall overhear ;
 That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage :



Action and accent did they teach him there ;
 ' Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear : '
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majestical would put him out ;
 ' For,' quoth the king, ' an angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
 The boy replied, ' An angel is not evil :
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.'
 With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the
 shoulder,

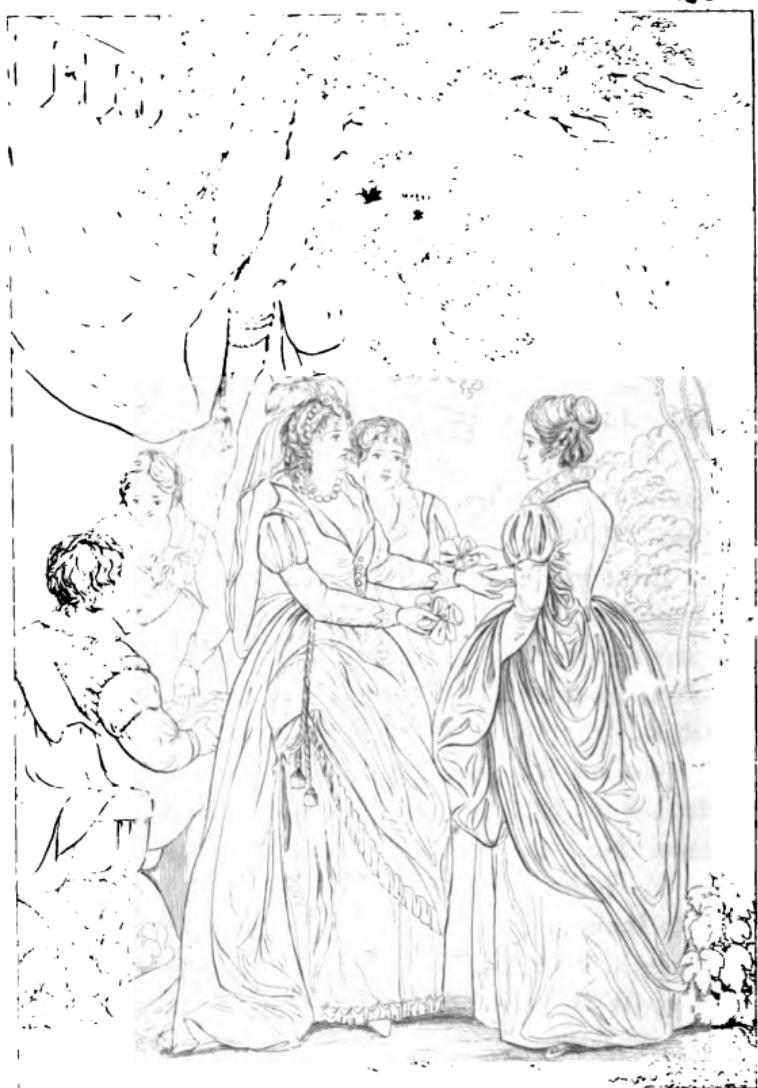
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before :
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cried, ' *Via !* we will do 't, come what will come : '
 The third he caper'd, and cried, ' All goes well : '
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous¹ appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boy. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,---
 Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,
 Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance ;
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know
 By favors several, which they did bestow.

¹ This ridiculous fit of laughter.





Wheatley del

Starling sc

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

Princess & Ladies

Act V. Scene II

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favors too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removea.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favors most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance if they desire us to 't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[trumpets sound within.]

Boy. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the
 maskers come. [the ladies mask.]

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in
 Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and
 Attendants.*

Moth. 'All hail, the richest beauties on the
 earth!'

Boy. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.¹

Moth. 'A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[the ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!'

Bir. 'Their eyes,' villain, 'their eyes.'

Moth. 'That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
 views!'

Out'—

Boy. True; 'out,' indeed.

Moth. 'Out of your favors, heavenly spirits,
 vouchsafe

Not to behold'—

Bir. 'Once to behold,' rogue.

¹—The taffeta masks which they wore to conceal themselves.

Moth. 'Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—with your sun-beamed eyes.'

Boy. They will not answer to that epithet :
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers ? know their minds, Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes :
Know what they would.

Boy. What would you with the princess ?

Bir. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ?

Boy. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

Boy. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles,
To tread a measure ¹ with her on this grass.

Boy. They say, that they have measured many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so : ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile : if they have measured many,

¹ A slow and solemn dance.

The measure then of one is easily told.

Boy. If, to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for you :
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without account.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
shine

(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter :
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one
change :

Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then : nay, you must do it
soon. [music plays.]

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus
estranged ?

Ros. You took the moon at full ; but now she's
changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—
Courtesy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves. What buys your
company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more
chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

[they converse apart.]

Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with
thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Bir. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so
nice)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!
There 's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog,¹ I 'll play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Bir. Therefore meet.

[*they converse apart.*

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.

[*they converse apart.*

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Lon. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Lon. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?

Lon. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Lon. Let 's part the word.

¹ Deceive, lie.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Lon. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Lon. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you
cry. [they converse apart.]

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off,
break off.

Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple
wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross;
fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases !
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :
No *point*,¹ quoth I : my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you, what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.²

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boy. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boy. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :
Therefore, change favors ; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

¹ A quibble on the French adverb of negation.

² Better wits may be found among the citizens.

Boy. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds,¹ or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised :
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;
And wonder what they were ; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd ;
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boy. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Ros. Kath. and Maria.*

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN in
their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you ! Where is the
princess ?

Boy. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one
word.

Boy. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*

¹ ‘ Letting those clouds, which obscured their brightness,
sink from before them.’—Johnson.

Bir. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please :
He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares
At wakes and wassels,¹ meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve :
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and lisp. Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy :
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms ; nay, he can sing
A mean² most meanly ; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone :³
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part !

¹ Rustic merry meetings.

² The tenor in music.

³ The tooth of the horse whale, or walrus.

Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Bir. See where it comes!—Behavior, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God nor I delight in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honor, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord.
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:
My lady, (to the manner of the days)¹
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools, but this I think;
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me.—My gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light. Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but
poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
eye,—

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

¹ According to the fashion of the times.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amazed, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows: he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend ;¹

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song :
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affection,²
Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them : and I here protest

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows !)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans sans*, I pray you.

Bir. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage :—bear with me ; I am sick :
I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—
Write, ' Lord have mercy on us ! '³ on those three.
They are infected ; in their hearts it lies :
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit ; seek not to undo
us.

¹ Mistress.

² Affectation.

³ In allusion to the inscription set on houses infected with
the plague.

Ros. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?¹

Bir. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves ; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-
gression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguised ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect
her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

King. Upon mine honor, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear ;
Your oath once broke, you force not² to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine.

Prin. I will ; and therefore keep it :—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

¹ How can those be liable to forfeiture that commence the process ? ² Make no difficulty.

As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? By my life, my
troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir; this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on 't.—Here was a consent,¹
(Knowing beforehand of our merriment)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
zany,²

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in jeers; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favors; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

¹ Conspiracy.

² Buffoon.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn; in will and error.¹
 Much upon this it is:—and might not you

[*to Boyet.*

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,²

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;³
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have
 done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cos. O Lord, sir, they would know,
 Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?
Cos. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
 For every one pursents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

¹ First in will, and afterwards in error.

² Square, rule.

³ You may say what you will; you are a licensed fool.

Cos. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:

You cannot beg us, sir,¹ I can assure you, sir: we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Bir. Is not nine.

Cos. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cos. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cos. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man,—ev'n one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Bir. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cos. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cos. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit Costard.]

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

¹ 'We are not fools: our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes.'—Johnson.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth ;
When great things laboring perish in their birth.

Bir. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Bir. Why ask you ?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch ; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too, too vain ; too, too vain. But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement !

[*Exit Armado.*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies. He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain,

Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show
thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other
five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum;¹ and the whole world
again

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in hi,
vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
amain.²

[seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cos. 'I Pompey am,—'

Boy. You lie; you are not he.

Cos. 'I Pompey am,—'

Boy. With libbard's head on knee.³

¹ A game at dice. ² With vigor.

³ Alluding to the old heroic habits, which usually had a lion or leopard's head on the knees and shoulders

Bir. Well said, old mocker! I must needs be friends with thee.

Cos. 'I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the big,—'

Dum. The great.

Cos. It is great, sir;—'Pompey surnamed the great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.'

If your ladyship would say 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cos. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'great.'

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Sir Nath. 'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.'

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Bir. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander!

Sir Nath. 'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander ;—'

Boy. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Bir. Pompey the great,—

Cos. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror; take away Alisander.

Cos. O, sir, [to *Sir Nath.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Sir Nath. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbor, in sooth, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted!—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas. and MOTU armed, for Hercules.

Hol. 'Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
canus;

' The part allotted to him in this piece is too considerable.

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority,

Ergo, I come with this apology:—

Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

[*Exit Moth.*

Hol. 'Judas I am,'—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

'Judas I am, ycleped¹ Machabæus.'

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipped, is plain Judas.

Bir. A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved
Judas?

Hol. 'Judas I am,'—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boy. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Bir. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an
elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boy. A cittern² head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A death's face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

¹ Called.

² A cittern was a kind of harp.

Boy. The pommel of Caesar's falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.¹

Bir. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outfaced them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark;
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

¹ A soldier's powder-horn.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this,

Boy. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Lon. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boy. No; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. 'The armipotent Mars, of lances¹ the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift,'—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Bir. A lemon.

Lon. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

'The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight,
yea,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,'—

Dum. That mint.

Lon. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

¹ i. e. of lancemen.

Lon. I must rather give it the rein ; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried. When he breathed, he was a man—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, [to the Princess.] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*Biron whispers Costard.*

Prin. Speak, brave Hector ; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. 'This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,'—

Cos. The party is gone, fellow Hector ; she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou ?

Cos. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the child brags in her belly already ; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? thou shalt die,

Cos. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him ; and hanged, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boy. Renowned Pompey !

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey ! Pompey the huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is moved.—More Ates,¹ more Ates !
stir them on ! stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's
belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cos. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern
man :² I 'll slash ; I 'll do it by the sword.—I pray
you, let me borrow my arms again.³

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cos. I 'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole
lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for
the combat ? What mean you ? you will lose your
reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will
not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it. Pompey hath made
the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for 't ?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt : I
go woolward⁴ for penance.

¹ More instigation. Ate was the goddess of discord.

² A clown.

³ The weapons and armour which he wore in the character
of Pompey. ⁴ With woollen next the skin.

Boy. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's ; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favor.

Enter a Messenger, monsieur Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam !

Prin. Welcome, Mercade ;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so ; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away ; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath :
I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole
of discretion,¹ and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty ?

Prin. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so ; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavors ; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal² opposition of our spirits :

¹ ‘ I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received with the eyes of discretion.’—Johnson. ² Free to excess.

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
 In the converse of breath, your gentleness
 Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord !
 A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue :
 Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
 For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
 All causes to the purpose of his speed ;
 And often, at his very loose,¹ decides
 That which long process could not arbitrate :
 And though the mourning brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
 The holy suit which fain it would convince ;
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
 From what it purposed ; since, to wail friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not ; my griefs are
 double.

Bir. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
 grief ;—
 And by these badges understand the king.
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty,
 ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humors
 Even to the opposed end of our intents :

¹ At the moment of his parting.

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains ;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance :
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbeeomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested¹ us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters, full of love :
Your favors, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time :²
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves

¹ Tempted.

² 'As something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, may be thrown away at pleasure. Bombast was a kind of loose texture, not unlike what is now called wadding.'—Johnson.

In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Lon. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote¹ them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord; your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this:—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere, insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,²
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last³ love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come, challenge, challenge me by these deserts;
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house;

¹ Reckon.

² Clothing.

³ Continue.

Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too ; your sins are
rank ;

You are attaint with faults and perjury :
Therefore, if you my favor mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to
me ?

Kath. A wife !—A beard, fair health, and ho-
nesty ;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

Kath. Not so, my lord :—a twelvemonth and a
day

I 'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.
Come when the king doth to my lady come ;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsown again.

Lon. What says Maria ?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Lon. I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you : few taller are so young.

Bir. Studies my lady ? mistress, look on me ;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye ;
What humble suit attends thy answer there :
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ;¹
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce ² endeavor of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?

It cannot be ; it is impossible :
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

¹ Cutting sarcasms.

² Vehement.

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamors of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you, and that fault withal :
 But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelvemonth ? well, befall what will befall,
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.
 [to the King.]

King. No, madam : we will bring you on your
 way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
 Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a
 day,
 And then 'twill end.

Bir. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.
 I am a votary ; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold

the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds, of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:—
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on eaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:—
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail :
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl :—
 To-who :
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel ¹ the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw :
 When roasted crabs ² hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl :—
 To-who :
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
 songs of Apollo. You, that way ; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Scum.

² Wild apples.

END OF VOL. III.



